Truſt not the morrow then, but while
'tis day,
Prepare for death thyſelf, make no delay,
Another morn on earth thou may'ſt not
ſee,
For on each moment hangs ETERNITY.

I have ſaid to corruption, thou art my father, to the worm, thou art my mother and my ſiſter.—What man is he that liveth, and ſhall not ſee death.——I ſaid ye were Gods, but ye ſhall die like men, and fall like one of the princes.——As death leaves us, judgment will find us.

Reader, permit me to obſerve, and may the truth ſink deep into thy mind, every flower which enamels the neighbouring meads, every blade of graſs in yonder field,

field, and every inſect that wantons in the ſun beams, or creeps along the verdant earth, prove to the ſerious and diſcerning traveller, the exiſtence of a great and omnipotent Supreme, who rules over all, and is in all things ſeen: Then let the unhappy atheiſt bluſh at his folly and diſbelief, and led by every ſurrounding object, acknowledge his error with contrition, and believe and tremble.

GOD ſpeaks in all, and is in all things
found,
I hear him, I perceive him all around;
In Nature's lovely and unblemiſh'd face,
The works of his Almighty pow'r I
trace*;

Reviving

* Pſalm cxi. 2.

BOB SHORT *The Country 'Squire* LONDON, 1781 HASKOLL COLLECTION, THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY Octavo